

# Hundred YEARS HENCE.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY TONY PASTOR.

We meet through this world with men of all kinds,  
Of opposite fancies and different minds;  
There are some men of merit, some men of pretence,  
But they'll be all forgotten a hundred years hence.

Now there's Wendell Phillips, who crows it so loud,  
He's head-abolitionist, boss of the crowd;  
And, though for the nigger his love is intense,  
Why, he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

There's Chase has been filling the land with Green-backs,  
Besides on the people they've placed a big tax;  
The expenses of war you all know are immense:  
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

Gideon Welles, of the Navy, no effort does make  
The Southern pirates to conquer or take,  
While our merchants are calling for means of defence:  
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

Abe Lincoln is going it with a strong hand,  
But still he's our ruler, and by him we'll stand;  
Let us hope in the end he may prove he has sense:  
For, he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

The Rebel Jeff. Davis with arrogance swelled,  
Now strikes 'gainst the flag that our fathers upheld!  
But a swing from a rope may atone his defence,  
And he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

There's little McClellan, of our Army the boast,  
He never complained when removed from his post—  
The brave deeds he done, bring their own recompense,  
He WON'T be forgotten a hundred years hence.

There's one whose bright fame shall for ever live on,  
He made us a Nation: OUR OWN WASHINGTON.  
For the Union and Freedom his heart beat intense,  
And he'll be remembered a thousand years hence.

# THE FUGITIVE

BY  
JAMES M. COLEMAN

We make it rough this world with men of ill  
Of opium's fumes and different moods  
There are some men of worth, some men of pretence  
But they'll be all forgotten a hundred years hence  
Now there's Wendell Phillips who owes it so long  
He's dead, abolitionist, poet of the song  
And though for the cause his love is true  
Why, he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence  
There's Chase who has been filling the land with his words  
Besides on his people they've placed a big cross  
The executioner of war, you all know are immortal  
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence  
Gideon Welles of the Navy, no doubt does make  
The Southern states to surrender at last  
While our ministers are calling for means of defence  
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence  
The Liberator is going it with a strong hand  
But call him our enemy and he'll stand  
Let us hope in the end he may prove to be honest  
For he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence  
The Rebel Jeff Davis with arrogance swell'd  
Now strikes against the flag that our fathers upheld  
But a swing from a rope may atone his defence  
And he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence  
There's little McClellan of our Army the best  
He never complained when removed from his post  
The brave deeds he done, bring their own recompense  
He won't be forgotten a hundred years hence  
There's one whose bright name shall for ever live on  
He made us a Nation: Our Own Washington  
For the Union and Freedom his heart beat in  
And he'll be remembered a thousand years hence